SHE MANAGES WELL THE FARM.

She manages well the farm, This girl that is gent'y bred, Though scarce a score of happy years Have passed o'er her bonny head.

Left with a tender brood Of brothers and sisters small, She works for the cli'ldren's good.

So, up in the early mora, She's out with a steadfast will: She visits the garden, field, and farm, And the orchard on the hill, The botter from vellow cream Is made with her own fair hands;

She works with a hearty will to keep

This home with its fertile lands. Show me a loveller rose Than the flush of this maiden's cheek, As the gathers the apples rosy and ripe

Or rides the black horse slock; Show me a fairer sight Than this same woman's hands, Buised at de y household tasks,

What though no father's eye Seen that the work's we "cone; Is not this woman brave and true, Faithful as shines the syu? Dressed in her homespan gown, Living a healthful life,

Sowing good seed for sye, Whether as maid or wife. She manages well the farm, This maid with the deep blue eyes,

With voice that charges like music rare, In her low and soft replies. Well will those children say In the distant years to come; Sister you have done well;

You saved us the dear old home!" Mand Miller.

Select Story.

VAUTREAU THE VAMPIRE.

ine money-lender took up the volumea French translation—and read aloud, in a monotonous voice, "'This wonderful creature appeared to me in white robes between two gentle ladies who were older than she, and passing by in the street she turned her eyes upon me, and in her ineffable courtesy saluted me so graciously, that I seemed then to see the heights of all blessedness.'

I see. Yes. Humph!"
The artist gave a furtive anxious glance at his face, but his features might have been carved in wood for any clue they gave to his thoughts.
"It is nearly finished, I see," he remark-

ed at length, "when you have painted in the face of your Beatrice-

"I have painted it half a dozen times already, but I can't satisfy myselt," the young man returned, with a quick, impatient sigh. "I know the face I want: I see it before me always-always! but there is something in it that cludes me; something pensive, spiritual; a grace too subtle to be fixed on canvas."

He looked musingly at the picture, seeming to forget his companion, who was watching him steadily, taking a longdrawn pinch of snuff meanwhite.

The lines about his mouth looked omin-ously grim. At length he shut his snuff. box with a sudden snap, and took off his spectacles.
"Monsieur Leclerc," he said abruptly,

"allow me to remind you that this is the sixth of April."

sixth of April."

"Already!" the artist exclaimed, comfing out of his reverie with a start.

"Has time flown so quickly with you?
Truly, I am glad to hear it. Yes, the day has come round, and-"And we go through the old form again,

ducing pens and ink.
"Well, no; I think I will not trouble you. I do not feel disposed to renew the bill again. I—in short, I want my money." The artist looked at him aghast.

I suppose?" the other added listlessly, pro

" Great heavens! Monsieur Vautreau, you can not be in carnest! "I never joke-in business," was the

dry reply. But you know that I could as well pay

the national debt as pay what I owe you at such short notice. Besides, you are break-ing faith with me. The understanding was that you would take pictures instead The usurer interposed with uplifted fin-

Pardon. The understanding was ger. "Pardon. The understanding was that so long as you painted for me, and for me alone, I would forgive you the interest, and not press you for the principal." darted his finger at the picture. "You meant to steal a march upon me, hey! Pshaw, don't talk of breaking faith after

"I wanted to have it exhibited; I had a particular reason— But I have worked for you like a galley-slave for the last three years, and you know well that my pictures have more than paid the debt. Come now, be frank; if I were to die to morrow, couldn't you sell them for triple what

"If you were to die to-morrow—perhaps; but you are not going to do me that good turn," the money-lender answered pleas antly. "Frankly," he added, as he took up his hat, "I have enough of your pictures. They have fallen off, of late, and I am beginning to fear, do you know, that

Leon bit his lip.
"And yet it is not long since you-"Prophesied great things of you; I re-member. But I did not know then how weak you were, how impatient, how easily discouraged. And I did not know," he added with a sour smile, "that you had other preoccupations. Art is an exacting mistress, Monsieur Leclerc; she brooks no divided allegiance. She has no smiles for a suitor who sits idly dreaming of other loves while daylight fades, and his colors dry."

dry."
The artist flushed, and frowned. I can not alter my circumstances or my character," he answered shortly.

"Then I should advise you to change

your profession," was the usurer's reply, as he moved toward the door.

Leon threw down his palette and brushes

with an angry laugh.

"Indeed! and what occupation should you suggest, Monsieur Vautreau? Shall I turn oil and color man, or add painting and glazing to my present profession?"

"You might do worse. In any case you will be kind enough not to forget that little matter of business. In a week's time I shall expect to hear from you; if I do not —you will hear from me. Good-day."

"Stay, listen!" the artist pleaded, very fale and grave now following him to the pale and grave now, following him to the door; "be reasonable. It is your own in-terest not to press me too hard; I——"

"Good-day," repeated the other. "Give me time, at any rate; let me have

"Good-day," reiterated the money-lender for the third time, as he passed out.

He paused on the threshold to launch one Parthian shaft.

"You might as well have let me have your nicture you see. It will probable be

your picture, you see. It will probably be in my possession this time next week." The young man uttered a passionate in-articulate exclamation, and snatching up a brush loaded with color dashed it across

there-take it now, if you like!" he

said recklessly.

But the sudden gust of passion subsided in a moment: the brush fell from his hand: he gazed in a sort of horror at the defaced picture. What had he done? It seemed as if he had killed a living creature, the companion of his solitude, the confidant of

"That is a finishing touch with a vengeance," was his companion's sarcastic

"Ay-In more senses than one," he answered quietly; his face had grown sud. dealy calm and white; "finis to my work and my hopes. 'Addeu—dreams, delusions, and vanities.'"

And without another glance at the de-faced canvas, he took it from the easel, and turned it face to the wall. The money-lender shrugged his should-

The money-tender strugged has ers, and left the room.

"A hasty young fool! The best picture he has painted yet. He had no right to cheat me of it," he muttered, as he descended the stairs.

Still, he felt uncomfortable. Léon's white despairing face haunted him like a re-proach. He wished he had not been quite so hard with the lad, who, after all, had done him good work, though he had fallen into dreamy, dilatory ways of late. A word of encouragement might have set him right again. He tried to dismiss the thought, but it clung to him all the rest of the day, disturbing him with a vague re-

That evening he left business earlier than usual, reaching home before six

The lamp was not lighted in the sittingroom, and Edmée sat at the open window, looking out dreamily into the soft spring

She turned toward him with a welcoming smile as he entered, but did not speak, and soon resumed her dreamy gaze into the

twilight. There was something forlorn in the lone ly little figure, dimly outlined against the vaning light

He had felt vexed and disappointed the night before, but his resentment all died out at the sight of her.

He came to her side and laid his hand

lightly on her shoulder. "Dreaming, Edmée?" She took the hand, and pressed it to her

cheek with her favorite little caress.

"No, I have been thinking. Thinking many thoughts, and some of them sad ones."
"You have a trouble that you will not tell me," he said, as he took his seat be-

side her. "I am going to tell you now, Uncle Jules: Tdo not wish to have a secret from you. Yesterday, when you asked me who

it was I expected to hear from, we were not alone, or I should have told you that—that it was not a school-friend, but some one dearer than a friend-dearer to me than

any one in the world, except yourself."

"Except myself; are you sure there is any exception?" he questioned, with a grave smile. "Well, well! And who is this mysterious some one?" "He is an artist. When his mother was

living they were our neighbors at Fon-tainebleau. Afterwards he removed to Paris, but he still taught at Madame Vernier's, so that I saw him often. My father knew that we loved each other, but before he died he made Léon promise that he would not ask me to marry him while he was still poor. He himself had known the bitterness of poverty—my poor father! he had seen my mother wasting away in—"

Her voice faltered, and the tears rushed to her eyes.

Her companion compressed his lips as it in pain. Edmée did not know what a pang of remorse her words sent through his heart. There was a moment's silence, then he asked suddenly: "What did you say his name was—this artist?"
"Léon Leclere."

He pushed back his chair with an exclamation.
"You know him?" she said quickly.

Ah, 1 can guess. He paints for Monsieur Vautreau, does he not? and it was he whom you heard singing my song. Have you seen his pictures, Uncle Jules? are they not beautiful? is there not a brilliant future before him?"

"I-yes, I think so," he acquiesced mechanically, hardly conscious of what he said. Léon Leclerc Edmée's lover! He could not realize it.

"If only he does not lose heart," she went on; "when I heard from him a month ago he seemed depressed and anxious; I fear he had been working too hard. He was busy with a new picture, which he hoped to finish in time to send to the Salon. He promised to write again and tell me how it was progressing, but ah!" she broke off, leaning forward to look out of the window, "there is the postman coming to the house. Perhaps he has a letter for me." She left the room at once, and in a very few moments returned, breathless from her hurried run downstairs, with a bright flushed face, and a letter in her hand, which

she held up triumphantly. "At last! I had a presentiment that it would come to-day." She hastily lighted the lamp, and sat down at the table to read it. But before she could open the envelope, her uncle roso

suddenly and laid his hand on hers. "Edmée—do not read that letter, or, at least, let me see it first."

She looked up at him in wonder.
"Why may I not read it, Uncle Jules? Do you—"
"I too have a presentiment," he returned,
"I feer it may con-

with a forced smile; "I fear it may contain bad news. Come, now—if you will give it me unread, I will call upon Leon to-morrow, and-and later, you shall see him.

She flushed and paled, holding the letter tightly folded in her hands. "I can not," she whispered, "I must read it. If he is in trouble-"

He turned from her without another word, and walked to the window, where he stood with folded arms looking out into the dusky street. Very shortly an exclamation from Edmée made him look toward her again.

ner again.

She was very pale, all the brightness had faded from her face.

"Oh, Uncle Jules, you were right: this is bad news indeed! He writes to—to bid me farewell. All his hopes are wrecked, he says, and—he is in some dreadful trouble, but he does not explain the says.

trouble, but he does not explain-stay, what is this?" She glanced over the last page and read aloud: "I once thought poverty the worst of evils, but I know now that a man has not tasted the 'dregs of bittersess' till he

is in debt. My first step toward ruin was taken when I crossed the threshold of—of Vautreau, the usurer."

She looked up blankly at her companion.
"What does it mean? Surely that is not

-not your----''
"Give me the letter," he interrupted, and took it from her hand. Standing so that she could not see his face, he read the hastily scrawled lines, which had evidently been written immediately after his interview with the artist that morning. His own name was mentioned in terms which brought the blood to his dry cheek. But the letter breathed more despair than bit-

"Adieu, Edmée!" it concluded ; "I must not let you waste your life in waiting for a day which may never dawn, though in saying farewell to you I part from all that makes life sweet.

"If I rashly part from life itself, forgive me, my beloved, and forget me." M. Renault crushed the paper in his

I Will go to him," was all he said "Take me with you!" Edmée pleaded;
"I want to see him—to tell him—."

"You shall see him, but I can not take you with me. I must speak to him first Then you will bring him back with

you?" she entreated, clinging to his arm.
"I—yes. I will bring him," he answered slowly, and was silent a moment, look. ing into the sweet carnest face upraised To his. He was thinking that perhaps he should never see that look of love and trust upon it again. Kiss me, child!" he said suddenly.

Wondering a little, she obeyed, pressing her lips to his cheek again and again. "She shall be happy—it will atone," he muttered, and the next moment he was

His heart was heavy and anxious as he hurried on through the dusky streets. Should he find Léon? that was the doubt which oppressed him. He did not believe -he would not believe-that the young man would carry out his vague threat of han would carry out his vague threat of self-destruction, but perhaps in his reckless, despairing mood he had quitted his lodg-ings, leaving no clue to his whereabouts. The money-lender hailed the first hack

that passed him, and drove to the Rue Louis-le-Grand. Before going upstairs he looked into the porter's close little lodge, where a brown, buxom woman in a cap was frying an

omelette over the stove.
"Do you know whether I shall find Monsieur Leclerc at home?"

"He is gone, monsieur," she answered, over her shoulder, in a high, cheery voice.

"Gone out?"

"Gone away—gone for good," she cor-rected, coming forward, frying-pan in hand. "He came down about an hour after you called this morning, and paid his term, and gave me the key of his room. I was to give it to you when you called again, he said. The things he left belonged to you." "Had he any luggage?"
"A hand-bag—nothing more."

"And he did not say where he was going !"
She shook her head.

"He had been writing a letter, and he asked me to stamp and post it for him, as he had 'no change.' I don't believe he had a sou in his pocket—poor boy! I wanted to lend him a few francs, but he would not take them. He was in great trouble, that is certain; he looked quite

upset. She could tell him nothing more, and he went out into the street again. The even-ing was chill and gloomy; a drizzling rain was falling. He stood looking right and left, knowing not which way to turn. Where, in all the great labyrinth of Paris, was he to look for the poor lad whom he

had driven to despair?
"Where now, master?" the driver demanded, examining the end of his whip with philosophic indifference.

"To the Café des Arts, in the Rue du Helder," he answered, throwing himself into the carriage again. He did not expect to find Leon there, but he might meet with some one who knew him, and had seen him since morning. He was disappointed, however. He found more than one who the artist well, but none who had seen him that day, or for many days pre-

"He has grown unsociable of late," they told him; "he cares for no company but his 'Beatrice.'" His inquiries at other well-known artists'

haunts in the neighborhood met with the same result. He then drove to the nearest depôt of police, and stated the case to the superintendent, who took down the artist's "description," and promised cheerfully that, "living or dead," he should be found before morning.

There was nothing more to be done, but

he could not return home alone; he dismissed the hack, and continued his search on foot, wandering aimlessly through the busy brilliant streets, where the shop-windows glittered through the rain, and the long lines of gas-lamps were reflected in Nearly four hours had passed in this way, and he was wet through, and tired

aux Doubles, under the solemn shadow of Notre Dame, whose clock had just struck The rain had ceased, and the moon gleamed fitfully through broken and dis-persing clouds. The water was touched with a tremulous lustre, and when a little

out, when he found himself on the Pont

flaw of wind struck the surface every ripple had a silvery edge.

The bridge was deserted except for a solitary loiterer like himself, leaning with folded arms on the parapet, at a little dis-

Something in the man's figure and atti-tude struck him as familiar. He scrutinized him for a moment with growing hope, then moved toward him. He soon saw that he had not been deceived by a chance resemblance. It was Léon who stood there looking down gloomily at the river. Absorbed in his thoughts, he did not perceive

the other's approach till he felt a hand on his shoulder, then he started and looked "Monsieur Vautreau!" "I thought I was not mistaken," the latter returned composedly; "this is a for-tunate chance; I have just been to your rooms, and was disappointed to find you from home. Are you walking my way?"

Without waiting for an answer, he linked his arm firmly within the artist's; but

"No-I am not going your way, what-ever it is. For the future our paths lie apart, if you please."
"For the future, so be it. But for the present I ask you as a favor to give me your company for a few minutes. Are you

so bitter against me that you can not grant me that simple request?"

"I am not bitter against you," the young man answered, in a weary tone, moving on with him mechanically. "I am too wretched to be angry. Despair leaves no room for resentment."

"'Despair!' ta, ta, ta!" his companion responded with cheerful contempt; "de spair at five-and-twenty, with all the world before you; with talent, health, good looks, and—to crown your happiness—the love of the sweetest girl in Paris!" Léon stopped

"How do you know—" he began.
"How do I know that Edmée loves you!
On good authority, by George! I had it from her own lips not many hours ago. I was not aware till then, Monsieur Leclerc, that you were my niece's fiance." The artist stared at him.

Your niece! Edmée's uncle is Monsieur Renault." he stammered. "Yes, that is my name, out of business, Vautreau' does just as well for a sign-

"And—and does she know that— "That 'Uncle Jules' and Monsieur Vautreau are one? No; that is my secret— was, I mean, for I suppose—of course you will tell her the truth."

He glanced furtively at the young man's face, but Léon said nothing; he seemed hardly yet recovered from his surprise. "If I had any claim to your forbears ance," his companion went on after a pause, "I might ask you to be mercifully silent, to let me keep unshaken the love and trust of the only creature who—"

There was an odd break in his voice, and he added abruptly, with a change of

tone, "But I have no such claim. Come, let us walk on. I promised Edmée to bring you. Nothing short of seeing you will set her mind at ease, after your letter."

"I was half distracted when I wrote it," he muttered. apploprically. "after I had ioned so much, it was crushing to mui: to

feel that I had-Come, you have not failed. Courage and patience are all you need. Courage to work; patience to wait. You must restore your picture and send it to the Salon. You will soon fluish your Beatrice when you have the original to paint from—hey? Stop that hack and tell the man 'Rue St. Jac-

Edmée has been waiting and watching in a fever of suspense and anxiety. She heard their footsteps on the stairs, and came out on to the landing.
Seeing Léon, she uttered a tremulous cry

of joy, which he echoed, and the next moment she was clasped in his arms.

M. Renault watched them as they passed into the sitting-room, oblivious of himself and all the world, then gently closed the door upon them and went to his own bed-

He struck a match, and lighted a candle and sat down at the table, with his hands folded before him. He tried to think over the events of the

evening, but he could not; he could only listen to the sounds in the next room. "He will tell her-of course he will. He has told her by now. She knows who I am, Vautreau the usurer, Vautreau the 'Vampire'—how many pleasant titles of the sort have I, I wonder?"

the sort have I, I wonder?"

He could picture the change in the girl's face; the look of wonder and incredulity, giving place to one of disappointment—disgust. . . His heart contracted with a pang so keen it was like physical pain.

He seemed not to have realized before how dear she had become to him, how she had taken root in his heart and his filling them with a "sweetness and light" never known to him before. A dreadful sense of desolation settled upon him, he felt like one who stands on a forlorn and distant shore, and sees all he loved floating away from him across the waste of waters. A tap at the door roused him. It was Leon. His face was flushed, there was a

smile on his lips, and a light of new hope in his eyes. am glad you are come," the elder man said, before he could speak; "I wanted to have a little talk with you. But first"—he took out his pocket-book, and selected one paper from those it contained — "first, oblige me by burning this. I will tell you what it is afterwards."

He twisted it and handed it to his companion, who, after a hesitating glance at him, lighted it at the candle. As the scorched paper unfolded, the artist caught a glimpse of the writing.

"What! it is my own note of hand you have made me burn." "Just that, so we are quits. As you truly said this morning, your pictures have more than covered the debt. There is a hand-some balance due to you, which I will return on condition that you take Edmée

Léon seized his hand.
"Ah, Monsieur Renault, you have released me from one obligation only to lay me under another, which I can never repay. Let me call Edmée—"
"No, stay—not yet!" he interrupted.
"Now that she knows I am—what do you say?" he broke off; "you have not told

I have told her nothing except that you found me just now when I was in despair and brought me back to hope and happi ness-and here she comes to thank you, he concluded, as just then Edmée entered

ne room. "But how shall I find words?" the girl exclaimed, throwing her arms round her uncle's neck. "Ah, I never can be grateful gough! But, dear uncle," she added scriously, "how I wish you were not in the service of that dreadful—"

"Not a word against Monsieur Vau-treau, if you please," Léon interrupted.
"Uncle Renault has shown me that I was quite mistaken in his character. The fact is he is an imposter, a lamb in wolf's "But Edmée shall have her wish," her ancle added. "I have served a hard mas-

ter quite long enough, and now I intend to take ease with dignity. Françoise shall have a retiring pension, and we will look out for a snug little house in the suburbs. where—there, I am getting on fast. All that is in the future. For the present, as I don't seem to recollect having dined to-day, with your permission I will have some

"And we will drink success to that rising Young artist, Monsieur Leon Leclerc," said Edmée, demurely.
"And confusion to Monsieur Vautreau!"

put in her uncle.

"No, no," she cried gaily, "prosperity to Monsieur Vautreau; we can afford to forgive him now. Come, gentlemen!"

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L. LEIST, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Napoleon, Ohio.
All work done on short notice. Laboratory in Humphrey's Drug Store. myll

Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, O.

Deposits received. Collections attended to. Money forwarded to all parts of the world at the lowest rates. Also represent the Best Fire and Life Insurance Companles in the Country.

NAPOLEON, OHIO.

Miscellanious,

BANK!

Banking House

NAPOLEON, O.

Deposit accounts received and certificates of de-ositissued payable on demand or at a fixed date earing interest.
Collections promptly attended to.

Miscellaueovs.

JOHN DIEMER,

A T his Meat Market, Perry street, Mutton, Hams and Shoulders, Salt Pork, Corned Beef, &c. Farmers having factatile, hoga, sheep, hidesand peltsfor sale should give meacail.

DENTIST. Office over Reeder's Boot and Shoe Store. All operations pertaining to Dentistry carefully performed. Laughing Gas, administered for the painless extraction of teeth. Work warranted and prices to suit the times.

**DETHETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN,
Napoleon, Ohio, Oct. 14, 1878.

**TITLE OF THE PAIN,

Sash and Blind Facor PLANING MILL.

Take pleasure in announcing to the public and all in need of anything in the way of building material that they are now prepared to furnish them with lumber for building purposes, from the ground to the roof. We keep constantly on hand. Doors, Sash, Blinds, Casing, Floorings.

AT LAST!

GO NOT AWAY HUNCRY! JOHN BEILHARZ

Dining Parlors Up stairs in Ludeman's block over Norden & Co's Store, on east side of Perry Street, Napoleon, where WARM MEALS,

Oysters by the dish or can, tea, coffee and all that the inner man craves, can be had at all hours, day or Well furnished parlors for ladies.

War! War! War!

E. Bressler&Co.,

Manufacturer of Lath, Pickets, Shingles &c.

HOUSE, SICN,, Ornamental Fresco Painting and Graining, WALLS AND CEILINGS TINTED. S HOP in Tyler Block, over Northwest office. Orders can be left at Humphrey's Drug Store. Je10'89

Contractor and Builder, NaPoleon, Ohio. All kinds of material furnished and est mates made. jan13-6m. Fred Yackee's

All kinds of Boots and Shoes manufactured to rderin the neatest and most substantial manner n short notice.

BERepairing promptly attended to. oc15tf

Real Estate Deler! Ditch Contracts and Bonds

S. M. HONICK.

Napoleon, Ohio, Perry reet south side of Canal, Parties wishing neat fitting suit of clothes will do well to call on me. By selecting from my very large and very fine line of piece goods you will have no difficulty in finding such goods so you may desire. **Patisfaction given in every particular. sept24-78tf.

S. M. HONICK:

Has established a newlivery in the quarters formerly occupied by E. T. Barnes, just north of the Miller House, where he will keep teams for hire at low rates, and do a general feeding and livery business.

In connection with the obove a hack line will be run to andfrom all trains. Farties wishing to be conveyed to or from the depot can leave orders at the barn or at the Merchant's Hotel.

Napoleon, Orio, Oct. 27, 1880-lyr.

South Side of River, Napoleon, Ohio. Manufacturers of Carriages, Buggles, Spring and Lumber Wagons. Also repairing and repaining ione at reasonable rates. Horse Shoeing a specialty, JOHN W. ENIPP, Proprietor

NEW Shop

DENTISTRY

A. S. CONDIT, [Successor to W. H. Stilwell.]

Thiesen, Hildred & Co. Proprietors.

Sidings, Shingles, Finished Lum-

January1, 1878-tf. HILDRED & CO.

The Thing Most Needed!

Pickets made to order, plain or fancy. Prices
according to the times. All work warranted.
Shopin Damascus township, in the Beaver settlement. Henry county, O. dec1-79-tf. P. F. ZINK,

Geo. Lightheiser,

Boot and Shoe Shop!

Perry St., north of Canal Bridge.

W. H. Stockman,

With G. W. Gardner & Son, NAPOLEON, - OHIO Merchaut Tailor,

NEW LIVERY STABLE J. B. FOSTER

Wagon and Blacksmith